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**Appalachian Epic of 3Shot**

The Appalachian Trail  
My great trial

Like the natives  
Of whose blood I share

In ritual I pass thru  
Great ordeal  
To emerge a man

To the North  
From sunrise to the right  
Till it set at the left

Each step  
A new step

A simple life  
With a peaceful mind

To hike an unbroken  
Pathway of mountain

From Georgia  
2000mi  
To Maine

There to seek  
The ominous mountain

Natives named in reverence  
Katahdin

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\*  
\*

In Buenos Aires  
I drop'd an online class  
This recalled all financial aide

The Dean declined  
My offer to pay half  
Of the five figure sum  
To continue study'n  
On payments

At the University of Utah  
I researched an escape path

Up into Canada  
Far from here

The Internet  
In its typical fashion  
Redirected me

Into an article on  
The Appalachian Trail

Which I had thought  
Was in South America

The distraction soon  
Seen as providence

Within the hour  
I had a flight to Atlanta  
To arrive the next day

v

v

v

Downtown Atlanta 5am  
Crackheads scurry

In final desperate efforts  
To hustle up  
Whatever makes their tick purr

Twisted figures  
Kept to the shadows  
There they jitter spastically

I roamed Atlanta 12hrs  
Until I arrived at my CouchSurf host  
Jaina from Germany

Cities are the loneliest places

v

v

v

In the morn  
I went to search for gear  
To supplement my current set from  
Urban Backpack'n

A 13mi trek to  
Sports Authority  
By word of mouth

To make mistakes  
Cheaply

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At Pidemont Park  
I eazily dozed off

A successful test of the  
Thermarest Z Pad

—

A middle-aged woman  
Sat swing'n

Only despair  
& 2 Overstuffed suitcases

I saw her in me  
But I couldn't see me in her

I had the momentum  
Of one last  
All-In

Parks are my favorite places  
v  
v  
v

A couple in their 50s  
Both teachers in Cummings  
Invited me to stay with them

Wayne offered to pick me up  
After a Couchsurfing event

We left in a rush because  
He had business  
To take care of

I told him  
' That's fine  
' Good thing I brought  
' My Ereader

In that awkward way  
Of tell'n your host  
Not to feel burdened

Wayne only continued  
' Have you ever seen someone  
' That owes you money

Wayne asked more to himself  
His pitch began to rise  
In excitement

' You should have seen her face  
' When she recognized me

Wayne cranked the music  
Awake in his own world  
We raced towards Downtown

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On my long trek  
To Sports Authority

I had passed the run-down  
Strip club

We now pulled into

I had wondered what went on  
In such a shit hole

Odd how life  
Answers questions

' Hold this  
Wayne handed me a pamphlet  
Of some schmuck  
Running for Sheriff

' Make sure she sees it  
' She will get the picture  
v  
v

V  
5pm on a weekday  
My first strip club experience

Blinded by darkness  
We entered into the corridor

A crack-whore immediately approached us

‘ Hey handsome  
She jeers at Wayne  
‘ I need a real man  
‘ To get me off  
She says look'n at me

Bashed by a crack-whore  
This was get'n interesting

‘ I'm looking for Kristi  
Wayne tells her  
‘ She is working tonight  
‘ Right?

‘ Oh she just left  
The whore said smartly

Signal'n thru some  
pre-planned method

Likely common  
In this business

Wayne left me there  
To rage in the restroom

His carefully crafted scheme  
Thwarted  
By a half-conscious whore

She turned to me  
‘ No hard feelings, Right?

V  
V  
V

‘ This is just between us  
‘ Couchsurfers

Wayne informs me  
On the ride home

Their home was classy

I suffered the  
Social sit down with his wife

I avoided them  
As much as possible

Middle-Class  
Behind-the-scenes  
Left me internally upset

V  
V  
V

My 34 liter  
Osprey Exos contained:

Thermals  
Pajamas  
8 Cotton Tees  
8 Cotton Socks  
Sweater  
Beanie  
Lucky Jeans  
Sleeping Bag  
Sleeping Pad  
Wool Cardigan  
2 pairs of Nike Frees

Electric Beard trimmer  
Laptop/Charger  
Ereader  
External Harddrive  
4 Bic lighters  
Slingshot & Ammunition  
Cert Peck Knife  
3 packs of Balogne  
4lbs of Rice, Lentils, Beans  
Loaf of Bread  
Poptarts  
Dozen eggs  
Instant Oatmeal  
Hot Chocolate  
3 Cook'n Pans  
Bottle of sleeping pills  
v  
v  
v  
I left their home  
& A thank-you note

To continue my journey

Still a far distance  
From the Appalachian Trailhead

This was my first time  
Hitchike'n in the States

Most things in life  
Can be accomplished  
Just by try'n

-

I helped a guy roll his motorcycle  
Up to the gas station

Obviously distraught  
When he admitted  
' I don't have any money  
' To give you

Most people my entire life  
Have assumed me a homeless  
Or a hooker  
v  
v  
v

40min later a woman  
In a large red truck  
Pulled aside

' You don't look dangerous  
She said

Her downs-syndrome daughter disagreed  
She kept call'n me  
' Bad man

In her day she had hitch'd  
These where her rules:

- 1 - Never get into a car with more than one person
- 2 - Never wear a seat belt
- 3 - Keep the door unlocked

She also told me  
To ditch my unrefrigerated balogne  
If I ate it I would be poisoned

Our paths overlaid  
For the first half

I thanked her  
Then went on my way

v  
v  
v  
Ben picked me up  
On his way to the ranch  
  
He decided to take me  
All the way to the trailhead  
Amicola  
  
I'd never heard of Amicola  
But he was sure  
& Didn't pay attention to my suspicion  
  
Maybe it was the rain  
That convinced him  
To be the only one  
After hours  
To pull up aside  
  
But some people  
Will pick you up  
Regardless  
v  
v  
v  
I mostly  
Meet strangers  
  
The bond of a strangers  
Has only ever been of  
Unbroken trust  
v  
v  
v  
Amicola Visitors Center  
  
I signed in  
Pack weight of 58lb  
  
They gave me my only map  
A paper route to Springer  
  
Up that intense climb of stairs  
A guy hike'n with his wife advised  
  
' You only need one shirt  
' & One sweater  
v  
v  
v  
After 3mi  
Time to camp  
  
I had arrived to the trail  
After a long journey  
  
The salesman at  
Sports Authority  
Wouldn't let me set up  
The tent to test it  
  
' I assure you  
' The Hiker-Biker II  
' It has room for two  
  
Claustrophobic knots  
Tied my stomach  
As I looked at it  
  
More of a bivy-sack  
Than a tent  
  
I would have to hug my pack  
In order to fit inside  
v  
v  
v

An Eagle Scout  
I could make a fire  
With only one match

But this wasn't the South  
After 45min  
I conceded defeat

—

Paranoid from the lady's advice  
I threw all 3 packs of balm

Out in all directions  
From my camp

Think'n it best  
Not to concentrate the smell

v

v

v

Nothing was left  
For me in my past

I threw away all  
That I didn't take with me  
In my pack

The night before my flight

—

A veteran to depression  
I was prepared  
With sleeping pills

To escape the sorrowful night

v

v

v

The morn sang

Beautiful & Bright  
Lush & Vibrant

A good mood was inescapable

The 6mi to the  
Summit of Springer  
Full of heal'n

v

v

v

I had used the paper map for firestarter  
The most worn paths were the ones I chose

On Springer  
I began build'n a fire

A couple approached me  
With 2 Powerbars

I turned them down  
' I don't need Powerbars  
' I can get this started  
But they insisted

45min later  
I was eat'n Powerbars

In Texas  
A fire past a certain point  
Is a healthy heart

Not so much so here  
I been past that point  
Numerous times

v



V  
V  
Two old men around a fire  
Allowed me to boil eggs  
  
I boiled the dozen  
Future fire unlikely  
  
One old man  
Had hiked the trail  
Twenty years ago to the day  
  
An adventure he started  
The day after he retired  
  
He was the first thru hiker  
I met  
  
His advice  
Ditch all the pots  
Cook from a cup  
& Only sleep in shelters  
V  
V  
V  
At the end of the day  
I found a shack  
With someone in it  
  
Rambo II  
Christened After Rambo  
  
The original  
A black guy with a bow  
Play'n around  
Nearly hit someone in their tent  
With an arrow  
  
Needless to say  
Rambo had to leave the trail  
  
Rambo II begged him  
For his food supplies  
& Named himself Rambo II  
In gratitude  
  
Now he sat patch'n his feet  
With duct tape  
V  
V  
V  
Like me he had a slingshot  
Like me he had to hitch in  
  
Unlike me  
Rambo II slept in bushes  
  
He explained  
This building was a shelter  
  
Many of which  
Were scattered the entire trail  
  
I gave him some of my ammunition  
He gave me cat can  
& Cube-fuel  
To use as a stove  
  
I don't think Rambo II  
Ever left that shelter  
V  
V  
V  
In the morn I met  
Orange & Juice  
  
A gay couple that came out  
To rough it

Speakers strapped to their pack  
60lbs+ each  
Short Tights & Solar Panel

They asked to borrow a lighter  
I gave them one

I couldn't  
Make use of it

In gratitude  
They offered powwow

—

Did they know of Nessmuk  
One of the saviors  
Of Bushcraft

Techniques nearly lost  
Of how to settle in the woods

Forced by sexual preference  
To often trample in the woods

v

v

v

I'd not been high  
For some time

I had been in Argentina

Then I had been  
Extremely depressed

For some time  
For many reasons

Tho the morn before  
Assured me with confidence

It was time to have a  
Happy High

v

v

v

Baptized in Smoke  
Affiliate'n me with

The Order of Adventurers

An Order  
I desperately craved  
Since childhood

Which I sought always  
Tho never found

Yearn'n the wilderness  
Yearn'n the roam

Yearn'n a path  
With no return

Enjoy the present  
The future is an  
Unstable promise

v

v

v

Torrential rains  
Ran me out my tent

To a table  
Under cover of the shelter

My tent was flooded  
In inches  
V  
V  
V  
Hawk Mtn Shelter occupied:

Bathsalts  
& Dead Horse Beard

Roadwarrior  
& Jonathan

Juice  
& Orange

& Some other ppl  
Which play no parts in this story

Of all  
I was the only one  
Travel'n alone  
V  
V  
V  
Roadwarrior

At over 6ft tall  
His eyes gave a confident  
Gleam of domination

He had to finish  
By a certain date  
Every day of the hike was planned

V  
V  
V  
As I copied key mileage  
From Roadwarrior's books  
I asked

' What does the word Blazes mean  
' In this book

' Those White Blazes you been following  
' Marked on the trees

Someone said clearly incredulous

I'd seen marks  
Blue White & Orange

' Amicola is an  
' Approach trail  
' That's why it was blue  
' Only the Appalachian Trail  
' Is White Blazed  
Dead Horse Beard  
Clarified

Everyone looked at me  
Like I was a  
Loon or a Liar

V  
V  
V  
Orange & Juice  
Bickered nonstop

One asked if I also believed  
That the other was being too Anti-social  
& Should apologize  
For the embarrassment  
It had caused everyone

I felt grateful to be alone  
V  
V

v  
Army Rangers were up  
All night train'n  
Throw'n live grenades

Close enough for me  
To be worried

I drank their water  
Makes us even

      v  
      v  
      v  
Thru hiker

Only those  
Who walk from  
Springer to Khadadin  
In one unbroken path

      -  
Section hiker

Anyone that didn't do  
That Thru  
But had hiked  
More than one day

      -  
Day hiker  
Those are our prey

      v  
      v  
      v  
Thru the day  
I lost some things  
Mayhap you come across  
A few blue pans  
Or 4lbs of  
Lentils & Beans

      v  
      v  
      v  
Only 10mi in  
At a beautiful clear'n

Lay a shelter  
With a clear spring

DHB & Bathsalts  
Already settled

They asked me to stay  
It would be rude to refuse

I melted in my water bottle  
Try'n to make them Hot Chocolate

I fell asleep after the fire  
Made by DHB

Watch'n Avatar  
The Last Airbender

Find'n time to write  
Was my only struggle

      v  
      v  
      v  
Food that can be eaten  
Cold or Cooked

Is best to carry  
In the woods

The balance of flavor  
Must also be maintain'd

Too savory  
It will be eaten too quickly

Too wholesome  
You will go malnourished

—

Instant Oatmeal  
The perfect trailfood

Light Compact  
Sugary Nutritional

It can be cooked  
Without fire  
3hr in a water bottle  
Good as cooked

It can warm you in the morn  
To wake you to a new day

It can be eaten raw  
In intensive bursts  
Needed to carry the day

v

v

v

I met a day hiker

He wanted to throw a wrench  
Into the mechanics  
That were drive'n him  
Downward

There was no evidence  
Of this on his face  
As he offered powwow

Appalachian Heal'n  
Had cast its smile

v

v

v

Eat'n lunch  
With Bathsalts & DHB

I discovered on their map

Only Blood Mtn lay between  
Me & my first resupply

The promise of pizza  
Pass'd me over that mtn  
Like it was a small hill

v

v

v

Tales had been told  
Since I first arrived in Atlanta

About this Pizza

Found at the first stop  
They charge hardly anything

Anything you want  
Piled on top  
Baked hot in the oven  
Specific to your order

I caught the store workers  
As they tried close'n early

‘ Where do I order pizza

He pointed back behind the rack  
Of candy bars & beef jerky

I looked back confused

‘ Its in the top door  
( Obviously )

The fabled pizza  
Was a \$2 Walmart Pizza  
Quadrupale priced

v

v

v

Roadwarrior looked at me with  
What I could only percieve  
As unpleasantness

He jumped on Jonathan  
For keep’n his pace slow

v

v

v

I decided to help support this hostel  
Reek’n of piss & dust

It made its living  
Only for this trail

How rare to do that  
In the mountains

—

That night was magical  
That will forever glow

Roadwarrior & Jonathan  
Bathsalts & DBH  
& Some others

All of us  
After the first days of adventure

v

v

v

Bathsalts cut off his straps  
To save wieght

He used only  
Space blankets for warmth  
His sandals tore into him

I christened him Bathsalts

He would douse himself in  
Talcolm Powder Regularly

That night he advised me  
To ditch my  
Electronic shaver  
To man beard it

Leave'n Neels Gap  
My pack weight: 24lbs

v

v

v

Before I left  
I asked the workers  
For advice

They troll'd me

‘ I started way  
‘ Earlier than you  
‘ & I barely made it  
‘ You won't make it

He was the first

To put me on that  
Ruthless pace  
Countless would echo

Drive'n me  
Restlessly forward  
v  
v  
v

The predatory behavior  
Of outfitters is despicable

Convince'n that without 'right' gear  
You wouldn't be able to hike

They rather see you spend  
Your money there  
Or go home defeated

v  
v  
v  
Pills

As I walked out of the gap  
I came upon a weary traveller

The no-longer-white shirt  
Bore testament to his tales

' Came up here from  
' The Florida Trail

' There was always too much water  
' Or not enough

' I once had to filter water  
' From a Rest Stop toilet

' Within a week of live'n in Florida  
' I went into pills  
' It's bad there

' Started shoot'n pills  
' Within a week

' I lost my job  
' As a data analyst  
' Six months later

' I'm out here to  
' Redefine myself

The only Veteran Stealth Camper  
I ever met

v  
v  
v

Get'n to the pass  
That would get me to a Walmart

Passed me  
Like a powerful draft

A day hiker offer'd  
To drive me to town

He have'n just arrived  
About to embark  
On this beautiful morn

Who would I be  
If I took that hour  
From a sap

That had to go back  
After he enters  
v  
v

V  
An elderly man picked me up  
As I walk'd  
  
Down the pass  
Thumb out  
  
His wife & he  
Drove to Alaska every year  
  
Tho not since  
She been gone  
  
Children nor Granchildren  
Willing to accompany him  
  
He let out  
His lonely tale  
  
Strangers are sometimes  
The safest confidants  
V  
V  
V  
Often I had been that Stranger  
Confident in stride  
  
Those in moments of weakness  
See this & bear their sadness upon me  
  
Sad tales & horrific scenes  
Help'n them bear burdens  
That can never be forgotten  
  
Whether subject to the  
Horrors of poverty in Mexico  
Or here in the States  
V  
V  
V  
Everyone look'd at me  
With disbelief  
  
I stuffed  
\$100 worth of \$3 goods  
Into my small pack  
On a bench at Walmart  
  
I had to walk nearly 2mi  
Before a truck  
Went into the parking lot  
Enthusiastically honk'n  
Its horn  
  
The omnipresent  
Encouragement of locals  
  
Around where the  
Appalachian bears its course  
  
Is  
Phenomenal & Unparalleled  
V  
V  
V  
At the summit of  
Tray Mtn  
  
A group in kilts  
Informed me  
  
I missed a note  
Bathsalts & DHB wrote  
  
Despite my full pack  
I made the 13mi



Still to go

Friendship is rare  
I live a lonely life

v

v

v

Tomorrow

I would reach North Carolina  
Nothing could change that fact

v

v

v

At every resupply  
It is because

At the lowest gap in the range  
A road can run thru

Make'n a quick entry to resupply  
But the climb out  
When you are overstuffed  
Is a real muthrfr

The past days had been  
Many of those gaps

Descend'n down  
' As Knob  
I felt the pain

I could only crawl  
Step by step  
The next miles  
To the water source

v

v

v

It was a measly water source  
But I managed to do all my wash'n

A skill I perfected  
2yrs In Mexico

The Dark Tower  
A needed repose  
From non-fictional adventure

Sleeping pills  
At the ready

Ankle massaged  
Night slowly drap'n

v

v

v

Wiggles  
Dance'd down the mountain

She come up to my tent  
On the last rays of day  
& Ask'd permission  
To camp with me

Odd to want to camp  
With a stranger  
In the woods  
But I allowed it

v

v

v

Wiggles re-taught me firemake'n  
With simplicity

' Find alot of dry crap  
' Light it in a loose bunch  
' If there is no  
' Dry crap to be found

‘ Use your stash of Birch Bark

‘ Birch Bark can be lit wet  
‘ Always carry it

She was 22  
Thru hiked the year before

‘ You can always find a way  
‘ To keep on go'n

I explained  
‘ I only plan to get to Maine  
‘ I have no ties to the trail

She smartened me up  
‘ If you can do  
‘ Katahdyn in October  
‘ You can do anything

‘ Always Remember  
‘ Don't ever leave  
‘ Your pack high

We gather'd wood together  
Into the night

Forest warped by fire  
Into dance'n shadows

v  
v  
v

Later I discovered  
Our meeting  
Was not chance

Bathsalts & DHB  
Who had eventually passed me

Met her & told her  
To stay with me

She smoked out a homeless  
Because he said  
He was a hiker

Consequently  
She was freaked out

v  
v  
v

The night had been  
Full of heal'n  
As magic moments happen

My ankle was fine  
I crossed over into  
North Carolina  
In the early morn

My first state boundary  
Simply a carve'n

GA / NC  
On 6in wood

v  
v  
v

Georgia  
Lush with clear  
Mountain springs

Visions of pure greens  
Dew that uplifted all in a Glitter

Mossy rocks proved

Dominion of life over all  
v  
v  
v  
Kimsey Creek  
A splendid dip  
After potatoe/cheese Surprise  
Reeses for Desert

A sweet simple memory  
v  
v  
v  
Springs

Small streams of water  
Come'n directly from the Mountainside  
—  
Creeks

Collections of Springs  
Larger & Flow'n  
With fish that nibble on you  
As you soak  
—  
Rivers

Collections of Creeks  
Massive & unfortunate  
To drink from  
Always fun  
To jump into  
v  
v  
v  
Stand'n Indian Mtn  
Mystical in late May

Float'n on  
Nike Frees

Up elevation enshrouded  
By the intimate  
Fog of clouds

Brilliant colors  
Lit by pierce'n sunbeams

Spring in all its  
Provative aromas

Enormous dark grey boulders  
Bound together the scenery  
v  
v  
v  
Bathsalts & I read together  
At a waterfall

I stayed a bit longer

Come'n thru the gap  
I discovered  
Some of those Memorial Day brats  
Threw away the majority of

Two 24-pack of soda  
& Reeses candy

There was a bag for trash  
Oddly apart from the discarded sodas

Very conveniently placed  
Near the Reeses

To discard the wrappers  
Life is sometimes odd like that  
—  
I didn't know if  
DHB & Bathsalts  
Found this repository  
  
So I hauled up  
As many as I could  
  
This wasn't  
Go'n to the trash  
V  
V  
V  
I meet up with the homeless  
That creep'd out Wiggles  
  
He told me  
' Cats taste like tuna  
  
I gave him some food  
V  
V  
V  
Caught up to my friends at camp  
  
I told them my amazing find  
& Dropped down  
All the cokes  
  
DHB was exhasperated  
But Bathsalts was game  
  
DHB explained  
' This was Trail Angel Food  
' We should be respectful  
  
He didn't believe  
I was ignorant of the  
Existence of Trail Angels  
  
The idea that strangers  
Leave food out  
  
Which other strangers  
Eat naively  
  
Seems ludicrous for anyone with  
Preschool street smarts  
  
I laid sodas like  
Easter Eggs  
  
Thru the ridge  
On my way out in the morn  
V  
V  
V  
There are few things spookier  
Than the sound of water  
  
When you are alone  
In the woods  
  
Water is best draught  
From the source  
Before the end of day  
  
Before sight  
Is replaced by sounds  
  
Before knowledge  
Is replaced with assumptions

Plops & Trickle  
Drips & Flows

Become vocalized  
In overtones of sadnessness

Remember'n its wild past  
Formerly held sacred  
As a shrine of life

By respectful  
Beasts of the forest  
v  
v  
v  
Albert Mountain  
Marked 100mi

The trail still under 5%

Numbers at that point  
Become irrational

Redefined by circumstance

To disrupt normal  
Algebraic computation  
Upon omnipotent planes

Prove'n by proofs  
The limitless

Each day  
A Derivative of the Infinite

A sine in rythmn  
Orchestrated by the  
Calculus of primal Nature  
v  
v  
v  
At Cold Springs Shelter  
I rummaged as I always did  
Look'n for food

In the firepit I found  
4 Cliffbars & 6 Nature bars

Customarily  
I shared my score  
With my comrades  
—

I have not met any  
As frugal as myself  
That could continue

Tho with my hustle'n  
I could always score  
Enough to share with others  
v  
v  
v  
On Wayah  
Basalts noted  
Dead Horse Beard

Climbed with the  
Stubbornness of a Beard  
That continues to grow  
On a Horse  
Dispite it being Dead

Hence he was christened  
v  
v  
v

I nearly stepped on  
The first  
Rattlesnake I encountered

I killed the beast  
With one shot

Its soul-less body  
Continued on

My next shot missed  
As it crawled  
Thru the thicket

To stop dead  
Under a branch

I hit it with another shot  
Just to be sure

Thus I was christened  
3Shot The Rattlesnake Eater

By Trail & Error  
I learned to prepare meat

My story follow'd  
Ahead of me

As only stories can  
For more than 1000mi  
v  
v  
v

All night it rained  
7am Came up  
With this 20yr old  
Come'n over the crest

Dickie shorts  
Cotton tee  
Chuck Taylors  
No light

Silently  
He continued thru  
v  
v  
v

6mi to the  
Nantahala Outdoor Center

Walk'n from a hot meal  
The Hiker Burger

Someone called out  
' You hike'n the trail?

Then threw me a  
Mountain Dew

I don't know  
If it was that can  
Or the new Leki trek'n poles

Past 6pm  
Bathsalts & DHB  
Not pressed for time

I decided I could not linger  
Alone I continued  
v  
v  
v  
Up that climb North  
All dark woods & storm

Thunder & Tree Crash  
Storm in definite torrent  
Dark forests  
Glazed by water  
In nightly glows  
Up those  
Twisted & Mangled Paths  
Only need'n to be  
Narrow enough for one  
A majestic sky invoked  
Super Natural Powers  
Upon this ancient mountain top  
Have'n long since  
Come into intimate  
Cohabitation with the  
The Mound & Vegetation  
Pop'n open its eyes  
As Thunder Struck Lightn'n  
Woods vocalize'n wind  
Into hallow'd chants  
In prophecies await'n  
Their times return  
V  
V  
V  
At NOC outfitter  
I purchased my first  
Water treatment  
Aquamira  
A product I swear by  
The tick of the minute  
Meant cash out of my pocket  
Most I met  
Tried to prepare me for failure  
But like everything  
I met it in the stubbornness  
Of ignorance  
A childhood trait  
V  
V  
V  
Definite goal  
In mind  
Pack under  
20lbs base weight  
—  
There was no bridge  
To return to my past  
All laid in waste  
A new future must be forged  
If there ever was to be one  
Till I reach tomorrow  
& Write down what all happened  
Whether it be about  
The brilliance  
Of color off a Box Turtle shell  
Slowly make'n his way  
Down the mountain

Or the greasy slyness  
That seeps off the  
Black scales  
Of a nested snake  
In the hollow  
Of a tree trunk  
V  
V  
v  
Of all things  
I was happiest  
I ditched  
My cotton socks  
For wool socks  
At that outfitter  
V  
V  
V  
Tunes

Prepare'n for the military  
He pushed forward in train'n

Travel'n this path  
With a full-size guitar

A considerable feat  
On such treacherous paths

Concerned about  
His grandpa's soul

I tried to comfort him  
With a few passages from the Bible

That gave record  
God would be merciful  
V  
V  
V  
Day hikers mean food

When I see  
Their luxurious camp spread  
& I peruse for anything  
Left discarded by others

They usually offer me  
A bit to eat

6 Nature's Way

I thank'd them for my  
Preemptive Birthday Present  
V  
V  
v  
Jacobs Ladder  
Never wanted to end

The elevation  
Warp'd with greed  
Sticky as molasas  
It's soil grip'd you  
To toil

Up & Up  
Right or Left

In reluctance only  
The path issued  
A downward path  
V  
V  
V  
Fontana Dam



Kind to hikers  
I spend most of my time  
Alone

I cherish those times  
Celebrate'n the goods of Civilization

Again Roadwarrior was dumbstruct  
Johnathan gave me his pizza  
To add insult to injury

—

I could only spend part of the day there

Most of it consumed by kindness

A noob motorcyclist  
Lost all his things  
Take'n down the  
Dragon's Trail

I found his Ipad in the grass  
Next to the road

Fate's offer'n  
To bless me with a  
Birthday present

I cashed the gift in  
For good karma

The Fontana Dam Staff  
Tracked the noob down

Hopefully to continue  
On his journey unthwarted

V

V

V

Others in the  
Great Smoky Mountains  
Were mad at me

I cheerily ate  
Pizza I pulled out of my pack

Fill'n the air with  
Cheesey Italian Aroma

Which I smartly preserved  
For this birthday dinner

Deep in the  
Great Smoky Mountains

A range  
Notorious for its  
Aggressive Black Bears

V

V

V

Ghost

3am he climb'd  
Into the shelter  
Amidst the Cold Front

The kid in  
Chuck Taylors  
Id seen before the NOC

I came upon him later  
The next day

He nibble'd on mushrooms  
That he had pick'd

He instructed  
‘ If it tastes nutty  
‘ Then you know its edible

‘ Very Wise  
I agreed

He explained  
‘ My mother doesn’t like me  
‘ I have no where else to go

I ask’why he arrived  
So late last night

‘ I hike at night  
‘ I don’t even need a light  
‘ I feel the earth  
‘ Under my soles

Truly wise words  
From one so young

V

V

V

The Great Smokey Mountains

Expanses of  
Clustered Dark Forests  
Bramble Berry Thickets  
Razer Edge Ridges

Enveloped inside fog  
As if ascend’n  
You reach a place  
For no mortal man

Above time  
Complete in nature

Its moon bright  
Wish’n Welcome & Saftey  
In wakeful motherly Assurance

Upon those who  
Continue

V

V

V

At a beautiful site  
Twix two creeks cross

I settled for the night

The rains after midnight  
Left me the hard choice

To try sleep'n soak’d

Or continue to the shelter  
7mi away

30mi in one day  
There to sleep dry

—

I decided  
The only rest would be ahead

As soon as I packed  
My headlight flickered  
Then went out

Stand’n there shock’d  
Clutch’n the Hiker Biker II

Ghost's words  
Came to mind

This was the true trial  
Happenstance lined  
To forge me a man  
V  
V  
v

Tight paths  
Thru dense wood

Trail only marked  
By the light flicker'n

Whenever Elune bore her face  
Upon puddles  
Left by imprints of trail

Hours in the  
Misery of rain

Too miserable  
To take off my pack  
& Stash my tent  
Swollen with water  
In my arms all night

Hours in the  
Eerie deep night fog

Among dark ferns  
& Celestial canopy

At times crawl'n  
At times circl'n

Always just hope'n  
To see that geometric shape  
Of manmade shelter

Harshly outlined from the scenery

I had no map  
Only the promise of that one sign

The Weak Haze of Morn  
Broke the void of night

Finally a sign bore witness  
The next shelter  
Was 8mi ahead

In the night  
I missed the shelter

I set up the tent  
That I in misery carried

Sleep'n dank  
As 6am hit

Only to rise  
In the late morn  
& See 50 yards away

The shelter I had so hopefully sought  
V  
V  
V

Hot Springs  
The first trail town

The break of wood into Community  
Coarsness smoothed out into Society

Its neat pathways  
& Goods To Go

Its connectivity & curiosity

To break into such wonderlands  
Makes me always  
Trot the last miles

V

V

V

Sit'n at the computer  
In the Outfitter

Finally contact'n people  
Who had no way of contact'n me

Roadwarrior passed by & recognized me  
Stop'd to gape stoopified

He arrived last night

I was leave'n after 2hr  
He decided  
He would move as well

I purchased an Elevation Map  
Now we were on more  
Even grounds

V

V

V

There are dry areas  
Where ants make their home

These are conditions  
Where they thrive

Barren & Flat

Unfortunate traps for  
Unwary settlers

Large & Red

Ants fight in unison  
& I never show mercy to thugs

V

V

V

Ecosystems repeated  
Each with individual flair

That sets them  
Unique in the universe

Grove of Mountain  
Meadow of Valley  
Passage of Water

All fine rest'n places  
For any soul  
Await'n Eternity

V

V

V

The trail binds  
The Destiny of strangers

The unlikely  
Is commonplace here

People intersect miraculously

Today HillyBilly ate lunch  
With Day hikers

He met last year

In the same spot  
V  
V  
V  
HillyBilly warned me  
  
Taste'n mushrooms  
To determine if it  
‘ Tastes Nutty  
Is a sure way to be poisoned  
V  
V  
V  
The Tennesse Mountains  
Retain a Southern Spirit  
  
It is one  
Wild & Harsh  
  
Yet without  
Treachery or lies  
V  
V  
V  
The Overmountain Shelter  
A Red Barn  
  
Alone on a mountainside  
Overlook'n a misty  
Valley of forest  
  
Mice scurried thru the night  
With no care of concern  
Where they stepped  
V  
V  
V  
I fear little in life  
  
I fear even  
Only a little water  
  
Whether to my ankles  
Or too far to see  
  
Tentacles  
Slimey-Scaled  
Anonymous-biters  
  
What monster could consider  
Such dank ecosystems its feed'n ground  
—  
  
Alone at Laurel Falls  
Hot & Tired  
  
I waded towards the falls  
Then there see'n  
A small snake in the water  
  
Decided only a small douse  
Would be necessary  
V  
V  
V  
Ghost  
  
I learned was an alcoholic  
  
He only walked nights  
Because then he could be  
Smashed in peace  
  
A rare honor  
To learn from  
Drunken Masters  
V  
V

V  
Pond Flats  
This 1700ft climb

Commonly considered  
The most pointless  
Part of the trail

It was only later I learned  
You could walk 15min around

—

Sometimes it's best  
To stick to the path

For reasons  
That pay off later

Other times it is only ignorance that  
Keeps you on the  
Straight & Narrow

V

V

V

Watuga  
Built near a town  
That lays at the bottom  
Of its manmade lake

Two hoodlums & I  
Met at the rope swing

They got me a contact  
To get my own supply

High  
I spent my only afternoon  
Dehydrated on the trail

—

Until I went to camp  
Far below to the only  
Acceptable water source

Alone in those depths

Large dark things  
Prowl'd curiously  
Near my tent

V

V

V

The story of my christen'n  
Came before me

Tho I knew there was no one  
More than a day ahead of me

Some would finish my story  
Before I could tell it

All would consider me  
With reservations

V

V

V

Zero Day  
Day allot'd to Repose

An incredible day  
For one weary

To those on budget  
My fund'n only my tax refund

Each tick of time

A grain of worry upon my  
Mission & Budget  
v  
v  
v  
A teacher off for summer  
A crazed man Provisions  
& I prepared lunch  
  
I decided the season  
Was ideal for firemake'n  
  
The teacher traded me  
8 Snickers  
For my cook'n fuel  
  
I took the bold challenge  
Cook'n from fires only  
  
Naturally clean'n  
Litter from the ground  
v  
v  
v  
In Damascus  
A community fat  
  
On the triffic  
Of the trail  
  
They had a nice library  
The most important location  
For any traveler  
  
Wander'n the streets  
Look'n for something  
Cheap to eat  
  
Roadwarrior & I  
Crossed paths  
  
The third episode  
Of his complete  
Bewilderment  
  
The third zero day  
Ruined by my face  
  
I was sleep'n in a bush either way  
Might as well be in the isolated mountains  
  
He declined  
To pass the night with me  
Tho I had a blaze of bonfire  
  
He hadn't had time  
To make a single fire  
v  
v  
v  
I know the fear  
Of mountain travel  
  
Under Elune  
Bright in deep night  
  
Alone  
Hear'n the distant chant'n  
Of fanatics  
In religious embodiment  
  
Dense fog  
Confirmed late tranquility  
Yet echoes arouse'd many fears  
v  
v  
v  
500mi

In less than a month  
Celebrate'n at Wise  
Write'n for hours  
I accomplished a true feat  
The day was mine  
v  
v  
v  
Fire a temporary maiden  
Demand'n more & more  
Return'n cherished  
Expressions of passion  
Like ancient  
Sirens of the Sea  
From devoted service  
She returns  
Warmth & Bombasticity  
Know'n to neglect  
Would turn cold  
That blind'n blaze of  
Heat from her heart  
v  
v  
v  
What is best  
To be cooked against  
The roast of fire?  
Pepperoni  
Sliced thick as steak  
Spear'd upon a twig  
Crisp against the  
Heat of blaze  
It's warm juices  
Sing savory songs  
In sizzel'n slurs  
Taste'n you find  
That tho most food  
Be hampered by outdoors  
This meat  
Is only ever brought  
To its height here  
v  
v  
v  
Of all places  
A fire-monger such as I  
Prefers the discard'd lot  
Wild & Untame Grounds  
Found tucked away  
At one such place  
I sizzel'd pepperoni  
Smoke'n a joint  
All set up for the night  
Past midnight  
Write'n by blaze  
Went to service  
My temporary maiden



Gather'n wood in the dark  
I noticed the stumps  
Fell'd & rot'd trees

Shred from bears  
Feed'n on grubs  
Nest'd in the rotten wood

I then understood  
Why years  
Had covered this ground

V

V

V

Hikers use logs  
Left in shelters  
To stay in touch

I had only ever traveled with  
DHB & Bathsalts  
Seperated since NOC

I didn't find much use for logs  
Until the day I was run'n out of water

One log foretold of more drought ahead

I spent 2 hours boil'n water  
Out in a dry grove

Water drawn from a puddle  
Posted a warn'n of Parasites

The microsopic  
Were not microscopic  
Red & squirm'n

2mi later  
I found a perfectly clear water source

I decided to stay away from logs

V

V

V

Shout out to Marion  
Tho large  
Kind to the hikers

Care not driven by greed  
Of what little hikers have

They host a shuttle  
For hiker's to enter town

The driver offered her Applesauce

Their library staff are  
Friendly & Considerate

V

V

V

Thanks for the cokes  
Left on US 52

Only the most devout  
Have faith in hikers  
Late as now on the trail

V

V

V

True Brit offered shelter  
At his dojo nearby

The place supported most hikers  
Pass'n thru

Unaccostomed to the delight  
Of other hikers

I became terribly drunk

Beware the bite of  
Four Lokos

Mary's calm haze settles  
Even a those hang-overs

I enjoyed my first zero  
v  
v  
v  
At Symmns Gap  
Mile 641

In the haze  
Of the last of my weed

High up  
Its lonely tree

Solemn of mind  
Know'n my path  
Much farther than

The distant & abstract scapes  
Paint'd in broad colors  
Ocre Steel & Kush  
v  
v  
v  
Anything Goes Burrito

Boil'd Carrots & Onion  
Instant Potatoe  
Roasted Peperoni  
Melted Extra Sharp Chedda  
On a Tortilla  
Cooked over embers

—

I had developed an entire  
Collection of pack recipes

Genius spiced my meals

People center around the  
Main course

I center on what bonds  
The elements together

June 29th  
Hot & Desperate

Shred'd the sleeves  
From my shirt  
The first hour

In the next hour  
I shave'd  
My considerable growth

By dull blade  
In a small puddle  
Fed by slow trickles

Heat unbearable  
No cover of shade

—

Thank you  
Special K  
You are an angel

To be surprised after a  
Stubbornly steep climb

With cold drink  
& Savory treats

V

V

V

Down a road  
Typical of classic rural Virginia

I knocked upon  
The first house

An elderly lady  
Lent me her phone  
Tho terrified of my presence

—

I'd met some people  
Who like others  
Took pictures of me  
As I fed upon their treats

In the manner of one  
Who is grateful  
To photograph wild beasts

Always driven to feed  
To be sure it is  
Preoccupied

They enthusiastically  
Offered to host me  
When I got to this point  
Tho now they bailed

—

The elderly woman  
Told me of a pavillion  
Where I could stay  
A bad storm was ahead  
She warned

I assured her  
A storm is no challenge

V

V

V

When the storm hit  
Trees fell like rain

The crash  
A boom above thunder

Around one large felled tree  
A Day Hiker came round

In his hysteria  
He began to follow me

Back round  
Up the mountain

I eventually  
Had to stop & tell him

' Turn around  
' You go'n the wrong way

His car was that way  
His home in that direction

—

Reduced to crawl'n  
As dark was upon me

The Clash & Bash  
Of tree fall

Palpable  
Tremors from the trees

Past the ridge  
Upon a perch of rock

An odd beast crouch'd

Not a deer  
Not only by form  
But also by the way  
The eyes caught light

Focused upon me  
Amazed I summit'd  
Despite the storm

Its perched position  
Permit'n lengthy  
Conisderation of me

V

V

V

Up the mountain 8:30pm  
Black Monsterous Clouds  
Invaded across the sky

As if on the wings of Boreas  
With the power of gods  
It brought rainless blasts

Rip'n tree from root  
Fell'n them in torrents

A day hiker  
Head'n Down & Out

In madness of terror  
While descend'n around  
A fallen tree  
Turn'd to follow me  
Into the woods

I eventually had to stop  
& Assure the man that

He needed to go the other direction  
To his car  
Away from this wilderness

He reluctantly complied

—

Not 30 yards  
Between felled trees

Soon I was reduced  
To crawl'n on my  
Hand's & knees  
Search'n for path

All pitch'd black  
The earth itself rattle'n  
A madness worthy of legend

Despite the dark  
I did not get lost  
Use'n no light

Maybe that storm shook me  
Also to depths of madness

I saw a beast perch'd  
The glitter of his eyes  
Not that of deer

It perch'd as sure as a  
Mountain Lion  
It's form that distinct shape

I slowly made my way by  
Give'n it wide berth

Its attention on me  
Of bewilderment that  
I summit'd despite the storm

V

V

V

At the shelter  
Thankful for protection  
I met FrieghtTrain

I slept tuck'd up  
Avoid'n the prick of the hornet's  
Whose nest 2ft above my head

V

V

V

The storm fell'd  
20% of the trees

A storm unique  
In recorded history

Despite the blockade  
I continued 25mi days

Despite Climb'n & Trip'n  
Over Branch & Tangle

—

There were plenty of creeks  
To dip into

Nothing more pleasant  
Than a watery glaze  
Accented by Midsummer's Breeze

V

V

V

Virginia Blues  
Hit in a haunt'n way

What great & necessary need  
It is to see another  
Human being

Days without such sight

Puts me in a panic  
Upon those barren  
Ridges Gaps or Valleys  
In the deep belly of Virginia  
v  
v  
v  
Of my experiences  
The wilderness I cherish most  
Tho in times of storytell'n  
It is the personalities  
Of those I meet  
That give my story character  
V  
V  
V  
The Virginia Summer Sun  
Whose feverish ridges  
A lash of swelter  
Upon my back  
—  
Over-exhaustion  
Always hits me  
With the flag of  
Over-dramatics  
All is woes & wails  
Until I catch my banter  
& Settle to rest  
Wake'n to a bright new day  
v  
v  
v  
The trail too deep  
The season too harsh  
Alone & Over-exhausted  
I made my way  
Over fallen trees  
I came across a couple  
On the trail  
They were also  
Headed to the restaurant  
A fabled buffet  
Which would cost me  
The last of all I had  
Many warned me  
To not skip this stop  
—  
There we discovered  
The storm knocked out the power  
It was closed  
Feel'n very relieved  
From the stress of wallet  
I asked them  
For a ride to  
Whatever city they were go'n  
I desperately needed  
Lekki Trek'n Tips  
Mine were worn to the rod  
Drop'd at the outfitter in

Downtown Roanoke

The girl work'n  
Gave me free Lekki replacements

Her friend came by  
One of a set  
Of Identical Twins

He invited me outside  
To bash some melons for breakfast  
Which seemed too odd to decline

—

We roam'd the city  
Like a local stray  
Pack'n up with a wild animal  
Just come in that morn  
From its wilderness

V

V

V

Greg invited to a party  
At a millonaire's Lake House

In the smallest car  
That fits on the road

One Two  
Three Four Five Six  
Seven of us fit

Me in in the trunk  
Of the tiny hatchback

V

V

V

B-Rad

The twin's  
Scooter mechanic

He juke'd the rich kid  
Into the bill for the buffet

We had fun & got wrqd  
People may have came or went

Bunch of guys  
Dive'n into the lake

Filmed in  
What About Bob

Drunk Stoned & Free  
In Virginia Spirit

V

V

V

At B-Rads

The power from the storm  
Left the city with sparse power

B-Rad traded bud for internet  
To his dealer

He hustled one of his friends  
Into buy'n the fine steaks  
He cooked for us to eat

B-Rad's friends  
Are only temporary associates

—

B-Rad got wild  
The trail was call'n me back

I gave my adios  
Then walked into the  
Roanoke Midnight

v

v

v

Cities are shady  
Past midnight

On the outskirts of downtown  
I walked listen'n to  
Die Antwoord

Someone called me out from behind  
Took out my earbuds & turn'd around

A large man  
Face full of tats

Charged towards me  
In a hurry

I froze like a fawn  
Know'n I was already dead

Relief hit his face  
As we meet

' Hey I'm travel'n too  
' You want to stay with me  
' My camp is up that hill

I didn't have  
Anywhere else to go

Tho I kept my knife  
At ready

v

v

v

The strength of my little  
CRT Peck

It is easily hidden  
In the palms

v

v

v

Zach & I  
Rest'n upon the grassy hill  
Against our packs  
Over-look'n Downtown

Nights on the street  
Are times of wakefulness

Under the Sun  
Sleep is much safer

The moon spent  
Brag'n & Boast'n  
As men do in polite manners

' Once a crackhead tried to  
' Rape my girlfriend  
' I beat him to death  
' With a iron pipe

He won with that story

v

v

v

B-Rad had been  
A good host to me



Even if he was a bit scum  
In the way of those  
Who only seek self-interest

Zach & I  
Had plans to adventure  
But I first had to repay  
Kindness recieved

B-Rad had too many dishes  
Dirty for too many weeks

I helped clean them  
Appreciate'n the bewilderment  
Of one unaccustomed to gratitude

B-Rads step-father  
Plan'd to come by

His life  
Due for a CheckUp

B-Rad himself almost old  
Tho childish in his pleas for support

With a child's keenness  
That freed him from the various  
Preplaced Logical Traps

—

One such had been  
A confirmed Ace

In conspire'n with the neighboor  
The partron accused him of  
Smoke'n weed on the porch  
Have'n been seen that morn

' Did you see me smoke?  
B-Rad asked me

Under such circumstance  
I had no choice  
Unable to call me a liar  
The patron was groundless

In such cleverness  
Did he weasle out  
Of any requirement for rebuke

B-Rad hustled me a ride  
The 30min drive  
Back to the trail  
I couldn't say no

I asked if we could stop  
& Get Zach

But the patron  
Advised me against such companionship

' In all likelihood  
' Someone like that

Forgot about any friendship  
In the booze of a new day

v  
v  
v

Back at the trail  
Post powwow with strangers

I decide to hitch back  
To Zach

40mi later  
I discovered him gone

At camp  
I discover'd only a note

Written from the sign  
He used to hitch  
In broad black Sharpie

Have'n taken the  
Considerable risk  
Stop'n the driver  
Leave'n the vehicle  
To leave me it

' I got a ride  
' Maybe we'll meet  
' Further up the interstate

v

v

v

Get'n back to the trail  
Again  
Was a real muthrfkr

A black lady at the  
Boys & Girls Club  
Scowled a man into  
Give'n me a ride  
Out of the danger  
Of that hood

v

v

v

Daleville had a shelter  
For those suffer'n  
From that storm

They fed me & gave me a place to rest

The next day  
Pass'n two hikers

I learn in their pack  
Listed my only friends  
Bathsalts & DHB

v

v

v

At Pizza Hut  
I reunited with the two

How grateful I was  
To have friends again  
After those hundreds of miles

-

The Bathsalt Gang

Bathsalt  
DHB  
Hambre  
Flick  
Hotpants  
Bible Belt

Feature'n 3Shot

v

v

v

Everyone was stay'n at the  
HoJo Inn

That place had all the drama of a crack town  
Stuffed under one roof

Naturally

I found myself in the middle  
Of that nights scandal  
V  
V  
V  
V  
Only DHB & Bathsalts  
Would know if that time alone

Tipped the bucket  
Did in the done

I had to go crazy  
Eventually  
( If not previously )  
V  
V  
v  
I guard Pop Tarts  
With my life

My pack  
My mate

Forced to cuddle together  
Night After Night  
Food & All

If I lost my supplies  
To some animal  
My hope was done

If my quantum theory  
Is true

Then many of my Me  
Must have fallen  
Victim to hungry murderers  
V  
V  
V  
Never thought  
A gay could be  
More manly than me

The first of us  
To drop balls  
& Jump into the James

The first of us  
To take that  
Narrow 25ft+ Sloped Dive  
Tween Darkened Masses  
Into a hole  
6ft in diamater

A feat I accomplished  
Only despite much fright

A lady drove up  
To the drunk crowd  
Curse'n us as we wait'd  
For our turn to leap

Some kid died just recently

' He died cause he was drunk  
' And fucked up  
One reprimanded the lady

I didn't correct him that  
They were also all drunk  
V  
V  
V  
Settle'n doesn't happen  
Until 2min in sack

Much to be done  
Before then

The last act  
To climb in

To settle still  
To a days repose

First it is one  
Than many  
Itches all around you

Prod'n you  
Out into the night  
To new grounds  
Less popular

—

Noseeums  
I curse your kind

Humanity is go'n  
To one day destroy you  
V  
V  
V

Callus on the  
Adventurer heel

Is a favorite snack  
For baby fish

Take'n advantage  
Of the local soak  
V  
V  
V

The James River

That bridge proudly built  
Locals & strangers together  
Jump'n off

I do not know much about King James  
Is the joy of this river  
Symbolic of his life

Do you deserve  
Such Legacy  
V  
V  
V

New MP3 player  
Ship'n to Buena Vista

It wouldn't arrive  
Till the next day

An oddly Mormon town  
It crumbled in decay

At the tables of its public pavillion  
The cops came by

Despite the thunderstoom  
They kick'd me out

Forced to hitch past midnight

A kid in a Jeep  
Gave me a ride  
To the moutain pass

—

It was late

The moon wasn't out  
Near the ridge I decided upon a rest  
It be'n around 3:30am  
I heard the presence  
Of a large animal behind me  
I picked up a rock  
Threw it in that direction  
After a few moments  
A rock came fly'n back  
Freaked to hell  
I got my stuff  
& Hiked as fast as I could  
A few miles later  
At a shelter  
.5mi off the trail  
The log was sparse  
FrieghtTrain stop'd here during lunch  
But left because it was  
' too creepy  
It was a common adjective  
Used in the log  
The quaint shelter  
In a clear'n  
Of dark woods  
With small creek  
Flow'n thru  
That is kinda creepy  
I reasoned  
—  
Days later  
I discovered  
That was the shelter  
That FBI signs warned of  
Posted the past  
50mi on the trail  
Last year a lone hiker  
Spent time in town  
Found dead behind that shelter  
Killed with a knife  
Buried in a shallow grave  
I never read adversements  
v  
v  
v  
Day circled in temperature  
Path circled in grade  
Landscape circled in fauna  
Each blissful in simplicity  
Able to easily distinguish  
What made each special  
v  
v  
v  
The call of the trail  
A kingdom all my own  
A land all alone  
The shade of the wilderness  
The respite of the springs

Mayhap the luck of a powwow  
Overlay a rhythm to this path

Master of this enviornment  
Able under any circumstance

Peaceful without a past  
Peaceful with no future

v

v

v

Waynesboro  
Degraded by drug-use

Arrive'n as  
The Bathsalt Gang  
Feature'n FreightTrain

After a Chinese Buffet

They headed into the hotel  
I headed into the night

v

v

v

First to find weed  
Then find somewhere to sleep

Get'n weed off the streets  
Is truly a tricky task

At Krogers Grocer  
I happened upon a disheveled man

Wild hair  
Wild eyes

He said he could get me some  
Drunk he dropped the 40oz

The security guard kicked us out  
His friend was wait'n for him out in the car

Hella mad he came back empty-handed  
Himself already ban'd

v

v

v

At Patrick's

His family  
Outside by the firepit

' This is a AT hiker  
' He want's to buy weed

We took off in his Subaru

The benefit of the storm  
Is firewood was abuntant  
Of a tree's best cuts

-

Patrick had a 4yr old  
Two step children  
9 & 14

& A crazed wife

Abuse was apparent  
The BBQ never touched  
By the hungry family

He never got around  
To take'n first bite

The 14 yr old girl ask'd  
What she should do with it

Patrick ordered her  
To compost it

She then asked him  
To turn the music up in the car

This was the time of night  
Patrick let loose

Loud & Detailed  
Of Sex & Suicide

Police recently called on him  
Because of his attempts to kill himself

Wayne  
The friend that drove him earlier

Came over & laugh'd on  
How they trained their wives

Wayne's wife came over  
Arm in a sling

Wayne took half of her pain pill

Patrick's wife Tera  
Returned as ordered

Arms full of appliance cords  
Cut to burn the copper

Which when burnt  
Emit beautify arrays of color

Past 3am  
The dealer came buy

I got my 1/8  
They were preoccupied with meth

I bailed into the night  
Filthy with memories

Swollen with pity  
For the children

Subjected under  
Unbound dementia

v

v

v

In the morn I ate breakfast  
At the Quality Inn  
With the Bathsalt Gang

Raid'n Inns for breakfast  
Was an easy trick

If you woke early  
To get first dibs

-

At a Laundry Mat  
Butt-naked under my poncho

A homeless came up to converse

' Man I had the worse night  
' I slept in a porta-potty  
' Some guy around 6am  
' Burst in & tripped over me  
' Try'n to take a shit

I gave him the rest of the breakfast  
From Quality Inn

Then I returned there  
For Last Call

v  
v  
v

Shenandoahs  
Roll'n easily

Clouds descended  
To proximity

Peace of Tranquility  
Saturates the grounds

Black snakes & bunnies  
Tourists & food  
Dry scapes & gush'n spouts

v  
v  
v

Hombre gave me my first  
Mountain House

An expensive dehydrated meal  
I had to eat it off the ground  
I am clumsy

Freight Train & I powwow  
As his birthday gift

I ended up chase'n a rabbit  
Thru hidden pathways  
Thru the bramble

v  
v  
v

Past 3:30am  
When I caught up  
To the Bathsalt Gang

8am  
We picked up camp & moved  
Miserable but enjoy'n company  
I trailed sleepily behind Hambre

After 3mi we arrived  
At a dead end

A cemetary buried  
Deep in the woods

It's ancient markers worn illegible by time  
In deep wilderness

Awake in the fright of being lost

We found our way back  
Hambre also exhausted  
Had follow'd Orange blazes

Back at the trail  
I decided to go solo

They kept a 25mi pace

These scapes deserved calm appreciation  
So I sat on a boulder  
& Blazed up

v  
v  
v

To blaze up



Is not a simple task

When travel'n know'n  
Not to carry much

An apple  
A pen & foil

Many things  
I've craft'd for smoke

Police & I  
Naturally gravitate  
v  
v  
v

Night Hikes  
Suffused with  
Calls Screeches & Wails

Eyes flicker'n  
Out in the distance  
Green Yellow or Orange

Bear scat fresh tonight  
Headed same direction

Weed & Energy-JellyBeans  
Pushed me onwards

One terrible shriek  
Tore thru any ever heard

As if from  
A baby torn to shreds

Headphones allowed me  
Ignorance to continue  
v  
v  
v

At the top of a ridge  
Of rocky views

Cowboy camp'd aside  
The edge of a cliff

My pen fell  
Down into its misty depths

Howl'n winds  
Shook me all night

If I woke  
Feel'n as if fall'n  
Off a cliff

Tonight it would be true  
But it would be quick  
v  
v  
v

Purpose always reveals itself  
To the pure of heart  
& Vigorous of mind

My reality  
A childhood fantasy  
—

My family  
Know'n my distress

Need'n to wish me well  
Drove 60mi  
To the airport

On hopes to find me

Not know'n the when  
Only the where

Sweetly I savor the shock  
Of that memory

Hear'n my named called out  
In the Salt Lake City Airport

Only by fate  
They had found me

v

v

v

The Edification Movement is Nigh

The Priest  
Sacrifice'n sex for purity

The Student  
Sacrifice'n excitement for intelligence

The Bookwork  
Sacrifice'n ease for depth

The Traveller  
Sacrifice'n funds for experience

To toil for  
Higher states of being

v

v

v

Patrick of Wayneboro  
Strung out on the tune of Meth

Too many hear your wretched verse  
Too many are damned by its wretched curse

v

v

v

Slayer had taught me  
How to fold my bandana  
Around my pot

To keep in check  
The crud from grill-less fire

Unfortunately my bandanas were  
Pattern'd on camoflaug

I overlooked my pot  
Leave'n it in the Shannondoahs

v

v

v

The Sunday Lazy Breeze  
No matter where you are

The planet takes Sabbatical

On the Corpus Christi bay  
In the Wasatch Mountains  
On dusty Mexican streets  
Upon riot'n cobblestone  
Of Buenos Aires

Now the Appalachian  
Meet'n easy tunes  
With eazy steps

v

v

v

Trippy in the woods  
All out for all I care

Shout'n Ramble'n Sing'n  
On Annapolis Rocks  
I tread  
None as far as I can see  
Under vast sky  
A lake glitters brilliantly  
The view of cities from  
The mountains  
The proper perspective  
To trip to these hieghts  
v  
v  
v  
I found a 1lb  
Discrete Mathematics book  
Despite many tries  
I failed to find time  
To read much of it  
After 1mo I had to ditch it  
v  
v  
v  
An experienced backpacker  
Feels the weight  
Of a pair of Poptarts  
An experienced backpacker  
Daily adjusts pack straps  
In order to keep the weight  
In ideal positions  
An experienced backpacker  
Has a routine method to pack  
90% Strip'd every night  
Reassembled every morn  
An experienced backpacker  
Is aware  
Weight Size & Quantity  
All come into play  
v  
v  
v  
Often been read'n  
Walt Whittman  
On my Nook  
Aloud until I trip  
v  
v  
v  
Sky Meadows State Park  
On a bright  
But partially dreary day  
Moisture call'n  
All to life  
Energize'd cellularly  
With sleek appeal  
Just the right  
Amount of meadow  
To still feel like forest  
Just the right  
Amount of open-expanses  
To allow appreciation  
Of panoramic views

Mile 20  
Refresh'd as morn  
Today I swore I'd reach 1000mi  
.  
.  
.  
1000mi path  
A lifelong wish  
In 3mo I read  
The Lord of the Rings  
At age 11  
I've always been akin  
To the adventure of walks  
Since a child  
Too wild for home  
Out on streets  
On the long roam  
Past govt fences  
Favor'n desolate places  
.  
.  
.  
Bear's Den  
Its stone structure  
Spoke words of wisdom  
Against the shoddy  
Frame structures of today  
Despite human intrusion  
The woods were at peace  
Moss clung to it with affection  
Birds call it home  
—  
To enter the building  
One had to answer  
A thru hikers riddle  
Proven true  
The machine allow'd me inside  
V  
V  
V  
Sweet were the spoils  
Raid'n that hostel alone  
MoHo Fig-Newtons PB Internet!  
A man asked where the owner was  
He was with the Tree-Removal  
I told him I had no idea  
' I am from a group  
' We have land where we keep  
' All-things-in-common  
' Would you like to stay  
' With us for a while?  
' You would have a free  
' Place to stay & eat  
' If you work your part  
Cults always interest me  
I helped them with the rest  
Of the jobs for the day

We headed out to Sabbath  
On Hillsboro  
V  
V  
V  
John

With form of Man  
Squared exponentially

Long hair  
Cut chin  
Tower'n 6.5ft  
Large hands  
Big Feet  
Muscular Psyique

In a Democratic Age  
Where the weak reign

These miracles of manliness  
Are greatly depreciated

A wayside spectacle  
Lost in this cult  
V  
V  
V

' You can stay for a day  
' Or stay

One of them offered  
After show'n me the grounds

—

' My daughter is 18

The father offered  
If I would stay

—

From early morn till night  
A Community United

Gets that weird  
Family oddness  
V  
V  
V

Faith  
I studied many years

Ancient monk writ  
To new day philosophy

Tho the concept  
Always eluded me

Faith I did find  
After long darkened toil

Everything On The Line  
Keep'n Steady & One Way

Known'n the path to fail  
Tho  
Known'n this the only path  
Worth take'n

Wholesome Bittersweet Peace  
Have'n Longsuffer'd  
A dreary yet kindred road

Prayhap  
It end in Miracle  
Find'n not Failure

But the Moutaintop  
So long Sought  
V  
V  
V  
Since Springer  
Told I was fated to fail

People drew me  
Into argument  
That I would not have  
The Thru

Know'n more than me  
Which I agreed

—

Harpers Ferry  
The place to  
To Flip to Katadyn  
& Hike down

But that is a path  
I'd take  
Under no circumstance  
V  
V  
V

Harper's Ferry  
A place out of Legend

Power & Strength  
Of ancient days

Echoed glory  
From a source far away

What great fortune  
To haunt such streets  
V  
V  
V

After the library  
I went hustle'n

A girl at 7-11  
Said she would pick me up  
At that corner at 3:00pm

True to her word she came by  
& Took me to resupply  
V  
V  
V

Moist breezes  
& Sandy beaches

Get'n high that night

My first group of  
Thru hikers  
V  
V  
V

Pristine gothic views  
Warped suddenly

As the city fell away  
Midnight by the tracks

I warned a hiker  
To not sleep by these tracks

I know what those bring  
This being a place for crew changes

Stop'd lakeside  
The moon bright

One from a group  
Approached me

I had to assure him  
In Spanish  
' Yo no soy policia

Those that travel by train  
From long journeys  
Wearily worn  
Hungry & Not-Have'n  
v  
v  
v

A black rook  
Bound this place

An errie atmosphere  
Akin to its history

Travel'n a lightless path  
Voices to the bushes

Find'n my way thru  
Dangerous underpaths

Up the mountains I saw  
Signs of hobos still

Up & Up  
The mountain  
Continue'n the climb

Traces of campsites  
Still Here & There  
Burnt tins & beer bottles

Late I reached  
A mostly flat boulder  
Upon which I slept

v  
v  
v  
The sight of a new color  
I don't remember

But the sight  
Of a new animal  
I can

Down an overgrown side path  
Lay stone circles  
Demand'n powwow

Soon I had to get out  
Baby carrots

A baby goat  
Came waddle'n by

My mind twerked

The baby goat  
Had a baby boy

Miniature Moutain Goats existed

What a revelation  
To those that love Hobbits

This mountain could inspire  
One such as JRR  
v  
v  
v

Roasted Peperoni Medallions Over Parmesean

After  
Butterfinger PB Taquitos

The day was to write  
To enjoy the present

My hurried pace  
Kept me urgent

Tho there are treasures  
Only a fool would pass

v

v

v

The trail now drenched  
With the battles of the  
Civil War

The air differnt  
Vistas never virgin

All in something  
Abstract from human

As if over time  
The individual cries

Mellow into a united hum  
Of likeminded confusion

v

v

v

Fredrick

Learn'n of the town  
I decide to hitch in

Wander'n Far & Wide  
Stop'n at a drum circle

There I met an Egyptian  
Tweak'n still from Rainbow

He invited me to accompany him  
I'd get a ride back to the trail

He was going to see  
The girl that left him  
After 3 years companionship

At the bar  
The Cellar Door

It was poets night  
One poet I could never forget  
Tho his rants I thankfully have

v

v

v

Down dark forest roads  
Thru its twisty narrow paths

The Egyptian drove  
Drow'n his vision with tears

Tail end of the acid trip  
Last'n weeks of hippie-fests

Car swerved to his emotions  
My knuckles white  
Brace'd for over an hour

Want'n to get out  
Prepared for the worst



We arrived on indian land  
Burnt a fire & sleep

In the morn  
He took me back to the trail

Obviously ashamed  
From the episode of the night before

Strangers are the  
Best friends for these situations

v  
v  
v

Stray dogs  
May follow you home

After you offered powwow  
Think'n such thoughts  
Take me home to care for

Later sober'd up  
Me on the couch

Always awkward for you  
Feel'n unthreatened but unaccustomed

I am accustomed to awkward situations

v  
v  
v

Pennsylvania

Sweet forests  
Small trees  
Clutterless grounds

One could as simply walk  
Into the forest  
As easy as the path

These are the forests  
Envisioned in fantasy

Hills never break'n 2,000ft

Dry breezy summer days  
All in moderate display

v  
v  
v

Enter: Trail Angel

Past 6pm & go'n strong  
Warpaint on my face  
Testify'n this lifestyle

With that fuzzy ruggedness people respect  
Shirtless I break onto a back road

A car stop'd  
A lady & a dog

I lay out my hook  
' Is there a store near here

' Oh no, not for miles  
The woman said clearly concerned

That is my number-one hook  
It makes them realize

#1

There isn't a store in walk'n distance

#2

I want food but not ask'n

Its an instant & unanimous  
Hack of humanity

Allow'n a comfortable way  
For them to give me  
Whatever food they have

' I have no food on me  
' Or I'd give you some

The lady now more concerned

' Its fine  
I assure her  
I begin to take leave

' I am only low on snacks  
' My pack food will be fine

Resolved the woman said  
' I'll drop you some groceries in the morn  
' Just tell me where & when

She wouldn't let me back out  
I felt terribly guilty

We arranged to meet  
8:30am the next day

v  
v  
v

A pristine resivour  
In manmade cleanliness  
Tucked away

Moon bright in the sky

Flames flicker'n at my side  
Midnight waters underneath

In a darkened world  
Afloat

The glimmer of Elune  
Turn'n black the night  
Turn'n black the lake  
Turn'n black the forest  
Where she brighter shined

In calmness Elune pet  
World wide complacancey

To blind our eyes  
To teach us the virtue  
Of Rest

That tho different  
We all agree

To enjoy the present  
With rest & tranquility

v  
v  
v

Patricia already  
Wait'n for me

1 Liter orange juice  
Pastries & Treats Galore  
She sent me forward with full resupply

v  
v  
v

As things happen  
FrieghtTrain

Ran out of money

I gave him most of that resupply  
We did the Ice Cream challenge

He managed to hustle us  
A room in the mansion

v

v

v

The Quantum Hack  
Of Quantum Roads

Meccas are places  
Parallel personalities likely visit

Connections entangle despite dimension  
To other kindred beings

Those meetings here  
Have a way  
Of convex'n back upon themselves

In pivotal moments  
Unite'n to fulfill a Destiny

v

v

v

My appalachian trail  
An experience of  
Total Discovery

I did not know  
Any of the places  
I was to go

Every step somewhere  
I never heard of

No vista I learnt of

v

v

v

On the long lonely path  
At times  
All is just too much

Drugs are the friend  
In your pack  
That can carry you

Lift'n you above the  
Worries & Actualities

Present'n the Present  
As a Present

To be cherished  
Despite All Else

v

v

v

Shit'n in the woods  
Is something everyone  
Can appreciate after habit

Pass as need settles  
The mound of it  
Your digestive log

v

v

v

1,000mi+ Wisdom

—

Leave your pack  
Towards which direction  
You need to go

Exhaustion works  
In mysterious way

—

Incorporate what you miss  
Comfort is everything

—

Never let anyone unfamiliar  
Know where you will sleep

—

Only hitch with someone  
Who is already headed  
Past where you are go'n

—

Marathoners are idiots  
Ignore them

—

Mace is the best defense  
For its weight  
Skunks swear by it

Buy two & test one

—

Fire is a craft  
Always extend your ability

—

Only take half days  
In towns

To save momemntum & budget

—

Have a store of backup food  
Extremely light

Instant Potatoes  
Ramen  
Tuna  
V  
V  
V  
Vegetables

All the to weary wanderer

Fresh Garlic  
Light & Packed

Fresh Carrots  
Great with everything

Fresh Onion  
To remove the bland pack taste

Dried Vegetables  
Can be carried in great assortment  
V  
V  
V  
Parmesan

A pack life extend'n  
Several weeks

This cheese can save  
A lump of crud  
From be'n tossed out  
V  
V  
V

To Yogi

—

Look interest’n  
Represent’n what you do obviously

—

Be assertive on others

—

Always portray needs indirectly  
Kindenss more reward’n than force

—

Always have a set of  
Personal stories prepared

Long Short One-liners  
Each has their circumstance

—

Be around the right people

Coffee shops  
Drum Circles  
Outfitters  
Parks  
Trailheads

V

V

V

Camp’n hidden  
Is a double-edged deal

Less likely seen  
Is less likely helped

Sleep’n in the open maybe best  
Hours 4am – noon

Downtowns are meccas for crackheads  
Crawl’n around any hour

Find areas with no reason  
To attract people

Industrial Areas, Churches, Fields

Only sleep near trees  
People are often run over

If headlights shine on you  
The driver can see you

Any location can be  
Run’n grounds for some type  
Be prepared readily with a weapon

Scattered dry twigs  
Will alert you

August 31

If thru 76 in Penn.  
You headed

Drive'n past me  
As everyone did

Cept for the cop that  
Kicked me off

V

V

V

How to Hitch

Calculations are relative  
Only experience can teach

Drivers need time  
To see you & decide

Then have time  
To find the place to pull over

That is the basis  
For all good locations

Think of it like fish'n  
Nothing is guarenteed

V

V

V

My youngest sister  
Christina

One meant for  
Robust Adventure

Brought up  
On the wake of my legendary growth

Arrive'n to join me  
On this adventure

V

V

V

If the world was shatter  
Who of all  
Would I save if only one

Christina is always the answer

Strong tower  
Interestingly quirky  
Executes on command  
Complains nessecarily

Amerith her dog  
Equal in character & strength

I brought them both up  
On the edges of civilization

V

V

V

Christina fly'n into  
Philidelphia  
The next day

—

Far from there  
No path yet open'd

A vehicle finally pulled over  
As I walk'd slumped from 6hrs

Awestruck I see  
Trail Angel Patricia

V  
V  
V

Patricia's Plan

After dinner she hustle'd  
A trucker into  
Take'n me to Harrisberg  
Where Christina would now  
Take the train

V  
V  
V

The trucker dumped me on the highway  
I was thankful

Tho I had to rummage thru  
Thickets to enter the city

Naturally head'n Downtown

Around Dusk  
Around a Drum Circle

A street girl  
Tried to warm up  
& Gank my pen

Her friends  
A Blonde & Redhead  
Nearly sisters  
Talked with me

The blonde's summer dress  
Revealed Black Flags  
Tattooed on her thigh

A Copperhead bit her  
Last July

She introduced me to Occupy

V  
V  
V

With Occupy  
Dure'n that torrential rain

Flood'n past inches into feet

V  
V  
V

The Occupy  
Presence in Harrisberg  
Only a group of homeless ex-cons

Supported by an unknown entity  
Protest'n Downtown by remote directives

V  
V  
V

Downtown  
At a military surplus

As an Eagle Scout  
It is a surprise  
To bled  
When test'n a blade

Outside I decided to return  
To purchase what kiss'd me

Tho there was no money to spare  
Her lipstick served too strong a memory

The Spax SP-18

Cost a dear \$50  
v  
v  
v  
Kyak Micheal

After run’n around  
The streets with Occupy

I headed to a coffee shop  
Hustle’n smartly

I still had no idea  
Where to take Christina  
When she arrived at 1:30am

A man want’n to boast  
Invited me to coffee

He told his tales  
Cycle’n & Kyak’n

For all to hear  
A habit of mine as well

His woman came by  
A Redhead

Tina told me a girl  
Nearly her daughter  
‘ got bit by a copperhead

‘ Last July  
I finish

Christina would have  
A couch that night

Micheal lived the  
Adventurer’s Code

Drive’n us to the trailhead  
Micheal is a friend  
Found by fate  
v  
v  
v

Christina entered the Trail  
Carlisle on Higway 11

One must understand  
The flow of the Path

Best taught to senses  
Other than sight

Christina  
Was taught night hike’n

First night on the trail

Fog thick & lowly  
Her traverse’n lonely

Have’n at dusk  
Chased a Pooh

She spent sleep  
Fend’n off porcupines  
v  
v  
v

2yr olds are Poohs  
2-3ft have’n no Fathers

Elders all killed



The year before last

They get by  
In a haze of  
Ignorant bliss

Unintelligent of the  
Enviorment around them

I'd been try'n  
To befriend one

We would  
Make good friends  
V  
V  
V  
Tiffany Sowers

The Blonde Punk from Harrisberg  
Would host us in Duncannon

My sister did not get lost  
On the complicated path

I spent much time search'n  
For each next blaze

The Blaze  
A symbol that all was right  
In its place  
V  
V  
V

Normal life  
Is an odd thing  
After months in the woods

At a club with Tiffany's friends

Them ride'n bulls  
& Booty Bump'n

Have'n myself  
Woken on the forest floor

The experience was entirely unnatural  
V  
V  
V

Tiffany you are True Punk  
In a sea of posers

You & I something special  
But you had a boyfriend

Friendship is selfless  
Sexuality is selfish  
V  
V  
V

Osprey

Sent me a brand new  
Exos

A pack  
Designed for  
One like me

Lightweight  
Airated  
Adjustable  
V  
V  
V

Within one week  
Christina's Merrill Vibrams

Were torn to shreds

In Pennsylvania

' The rocks massage your feet

V

V

V

Christina had hip pain

From constant travel

At a riverside grove

100yr Ealier been a town

Only one trace of it left

At that town's graveyard

We slept

Deep in the woods

Remains below me

Are souls still

Bound to this place?

—

Andrew Allen

Do you rest among us

Or deep in the mine

In which you were killed?

Mayhap we call you

Out of those depths

To what few remains

A peaceful place

Of woods held sacred

By those who buried

You at 30

V

V

V

Rain is cold

Only if

You stop from hike'n

Christina

V

V

V

Twigs

Perferrably Pine

Gather'd under large

Expanses of branches

Sorted

Start'n from needlelike

This is the craft

To create a seed for flames

V

V

V

Dangerously

Low on snacks

We hitch'd

On a solitary forest road

A vehicle pass'n

Lurched to a break

To race backwards at us

Put me on the alert

But his quirkiness  
Like ours  
Drew from kindness

The resupply a  
20min drive

He told me to leave my pack with him  
I could trust him

The hand that aid'd  
Ask'd trust in return

Unquestionably  
An uneven trade

Implied Contracts  
Are always real  
muthrfkrs

Miraculously the man  
Was true to his word

—

On the long drive back  
Deep in the woods

He stop'n to use the restroom  
Found himself  
Caught in that same trap

' I guess you trusted me  
' So I got to trust you

The man left the car run'n  
As he left into the wooded restroom

Miraculously the man  
Had a car afterwards

V  
V  
V

Mountain springs stained red

' We gonna be shit'n iron  
I commented

—

Up on that ridge  
A night blazed in bonfire

Alone  
Look'n at that bright sky

Hope'n someone might be look'n back

Whether molecularly alien  
Or government surveillant

Hope'n it gaze back at me  
Think'n

' Look at that crazy  
' Muthrfkr  
' Deep in the woods  
' Blazed alone

V  
V  
V

In the morn  
Post bonfire

30min look'n  
For my favorite shirt

Find'n it far away  
Chewed with coon bites

Jaws left its form  
In 30 places

I liked the shirt  
Even more  
V  
V  
V  
Experts

Never wear clean dry socks  
If it is rain'n

Christina  
V  
V  
V  
Weekend Warriors  
With 60lb+ packs

Train'n to be  
Like us

You taught me  
To light fire with a candle  
When it pours terribly

I taught you  
The value of  
Spax my axe

Return'n to camp  
With a trunk  
Of already dead tree  
V  
V  
V

I rose like I had everyday since  
Gather'n wood for the breakfast fire

I also mistakenly  
Gathered a snake

The copperhead sleepy still

I kicked Christina awake  
Threw her machete at her  
Then commanded her to kill it

The snake woke real fast  
As Christina missed

They fought thru the bramble

The copperhead strike'n  
Christina miss'n

Despite the undergrowth  
Christina kept her focus

The snake dove  
Into a leap'n strike

The machete  
SHINK  
Split the air

The open-mouthed head  
Severed from its body

Spin'n out into the distance

3Chop held the severed body with one hand  
With the other  
Peeled down the copperhead's skin

3Chop tore out the guts  
Washed the twitch'n corpse in the river  
Built a fire  
Roast'd the unseasoned meat  
& Ate  
V  
V  
V  
3Chop became addicted  
To a concoction I crafted  
  
Cappachino o Wheat  
  
Cream of Wheat  
Cooked in cappachino mix  
  
This powered her healthily thru  
  
To keep on go'n  
At a decent pace  
V  
V  
V  
3Chop wasn't womanly  
  
I had to step up  
To the chore  
  
Cook'n Clean'n  
Console'n Bitch'n  
  
3Chop would in dreary silence  
Accept her situation & Hike On  
V  
V  
V  
I cooked from my pot  
Just enough for two  
  
Placed upon the embers of fire  
The bottom always burns the food  
  
Instead of all that work & waste  
Of scrape'n it out  
  
Respectful mice  
Always clean'd it  
In time for morn  
  
Only ever once  
Leave'n scat  
V  
V  
V  
In a shelter  
In New Jersey  
  
All dryness & backyards  
  
Christina patch'd her blisters  
  
An old lady lent over  
A gauge roll  
  
She thought Christina  
Was going to steal it  
V  
V  
V  
Paranoia  
The gift of foresight  
  
Separate'n us  
Man & Beast  
  
The grips of it  
An ever tight'n vice

When my little sister  
Takes longer than calculations

Those miles  
Always back down the moutain  
In a rapid panic

I would see her  
After have'n thought  
I'd never see her again

V

V

V

Cross'n into New York  
On open mellow ridges

Vast expanses  
Of the wilderness  
Unimaginable

Late sun  
A gentle orange

V

V

V

3Chop naturally sure  
Paths always true

Thru rain  
Dry plains  
Dark'n forests  
Unend'n climbs

This lifestyle brought out  
Her prime characteristics

Tho impractical in society  
True gems of humanity

V

V

V

Travel'n in a team  
Means much less individual items to carry

V

V

V

3Chop & 3Shot  
Not a duo to fk with

Both with mace  
Her with a menace'n machete  
I & my military tomahawk

Warpaint  
On our face

V

V

V

Cowboy Camp

Naught between you  
& Dark sky

Naught shield'n you  
From late night gusts

Nor to ward off  
The trickles of early morn whimpers

V

V

V

Fate to walk by  
A statue  
Of Walt Whittman

What magnificent tales  
Time tells  
Near New York City  
V  
V  
V  
3Chop  
Look'd past homeless

At a corporate resupply

A mailwoman kindly  
Came to talk with us

Then stuck a \$5  
In 3Chop's hand

Rapidly say'n  
While run'n away

' I wish  
' I could do more  
' But I have 5 kids

We had to guiltily  
Spend the sacrifice  
On an  
Icecream Sandwhich  
Eat'n contest

Afterwhich  
I was title'd  
Pussy  
V  
V  
V  
Only one pot  
Only one spoon

That is how we ate  
I always ate first  
V  
V  
V  
Under Blue Moon  
Riverside for some time

Pleasant paths  
Patches of Sandy Bays

Arrive'n to shelter  
A bit past late

Another already inside  
He introduced himself 50+

We had met in the Great Smokeys  
The day of my birthday

His father just passed away  
He had to escape & think  
V  
V  
V  
The promise of Ice Cream  
Is the promise of society

Race'n past  
Green Thumb

The best of Conneticut

On the last 2mi  
Chant'n Ice Cream

When we realized  
We could make a resupply

Us have'n to sneak into the store

Bought our ½ gallons of ice cream  
From a bitchy clerk

3Chop stew'd with anger  
On a bench outside

Ate the whole half gallon  
With her machete

V

V

V

Sundays of Salisbury  
Hadn't changed  
Since before the Civil War

V

V

V

Dotty thanks for that water  
You haul up  
Mt. Everret

She said I would not make it to Katahdin  
Before it closed for winter

She gave me her number  
Offer'n to drive me

To Flip Flop  
If I decided on it

V

V

V

I only lost 3Chop once  
The day we got to  
Great Barrington

My sister's last stop

The future is too unsure  
To worry what it holds

Tho I'd lose my only  
Trail companion

The future is too unsure  
To worry what it holds

She took the rest of the Donuts  
She took the rest of the cash

V

V

V

Kelly a classy doll

Kind enough to give me her number

She picked me up  
To smoke me out a blunt

V

V

V

3Chop  
400mi in one month

Second-Most-Amazing-Person  
In existence

I always scour for  
Adventurers & their tales

None can considerably compare  
To your least

Rank'd World Class



—

Not much is impossible  
In this life

Except for you  
To take first place

Of the master who created you  
& Your dog too

V

V

V

On hard soil  
Beauty is seen  
Easily

All there needs  
To be is  
Just a little bit

V

V

V

Vermont  
Timber Dense Green

All huddled together  
To perservere  
Bleak winters

Tough Evergreen Mountainsides

An enviornment for  
Adventurer types only

V

V

V

With Hoosh  
High after dark

Wildly tumble'n down  
Prospect Rock  
In a Redneck Truck

Two hits & gone  
The ride of  
Willy Wonka Horror

Hoosh's face painted & demented  
Manically laugh'n  
Over the rumble

' Holy shit look at this incline  
' We are go'n to have to  
' Fkn hike back up this tomorrow

Redneck Trucks  
Break Laws of Physics  
With beer only

V

V

V

Cross'n paths with an elderly  
On the Long Trail

It was the one  
That thought 3Chop would steal  
The gauge she leant for 3Chops blisters

V

V

V

Hoosh doesn't normally make fires  
Because he is always in a rush

When he makes a fire  
He knows his craft

V

V

V  
Walkingman '99 & Carlos  
On the Long Trail

I set up a hustle  
Invite'n Hoosh

Hoosh cooked shrooms  
He pick'd to go with  
The large steak

We got high & wrqd

V

V

V

Hanover  
I loved enter'n you

Snacks in bins  
Oreos for the rain

Walkn'n casually  
Down wealthy streets

V

V

V

Glenclyff Post Office

My motorcycle jacket  
Await'd me with supplies

Family always support'n me

—

At the store  
Near a large missile

I discover'd  
I was near broke

The worker return'd  
My entire resupply

There only just enough  
For a small hot burger

Which I immediately  
Drop'd outside

I hate chew'n  
Loose Gravel

V

V

V

Mosilake

A journey of native legend  
Pass'n much height

To reach a place  
Of Mars Landscapes

V

V

V

If you don't  
Properly prepare your tarp

Rain will one day  
Run you out

V

V

V

The White Mountains

Two dogs  
Fight'n till

Blood & Gore

On the egde of an  
Eagle-Eye Cliff

A battle rarely seen  
& Treasured by me

V

V

V

At Chets

I found a rain shell

This essential last piece  
To battle winter with

V

V

V

One of the lodges  
In the Whites

May have been left unattended  
In the rain

Allow'n a rat or two  
To restock

On Oatmeal & Sugar

V

V

V

Everyone gets lost  
In the Whites once

V

V

V

Lake of the Clouds Dungeon

Hoosh led us thru the storm  
To summit Mt. Washington

Under conditions  
Carns hardly visible

White & the blaze of wind  
All caught in  
Howls of frost

V

V

V

Gorham 2:00am

Cop kick'd me up  
Remarkably  
Allow'd me to sleep

Thanks man

V

V

V

Gorham 7:30am

I wake to a kick

' Oh sorry  
' I thought you were a trash bag

Said an  
Old smalltown  
Country man  
With his friend  
Before the workday

Huddled out of the rain  
Under the small public pavillion

' Wake-n-Bake?  
He offer'd with the apology

Grow'n old

I discovered  
Is optional  
V  
V  
V  
Impatient from the Storm  
I snuck around security  
At the base of Mt. Washington  
Easily unseen in the storm  
The true wrath of the storm  
Hit unexpectedly  
Again victim  
To arrogance  
Wind constantly 50mi+  
Gusts much more  
Knees shake'n  
Not only from cold  
But from terror  
Realize'n  
I wasn't as badass  
As I had believed  
Unable to open my pack  
To apply the right gear  
All in windswept white  
Storms enlongates distance  
On & On  
At top  
The sirens blare'd  
The doors  
All lock'd but one  
Closed for construction  
V  
V  
V  
A worker let met in  
To the mountain train station  
Everyone evacuate'n  
None of the workers  
Will'n to let me ride down with them  
A fellow Texan paid the \$45  
To get me down  
Despite the episode  
The train ride was magical  
V  
V  
V  
Below at the  
Mt. Washington Train Station  
The torrents unrelent'n outside  
In the janitor's closet  
There is a hidden compartment  
At the very back  
Where to hide  
Tho high from fumes  
I sat there with the  
Last of my food supply  
Some jerky

In that nook till close  
Read'n the  
Once & Future King  
V  
V  
V  
9pm  
Nobody around

I scale the difficult barrier  
Into the food court

Joy unmatched I partook  
Make'n myself food  
As I saw fit

After much trial & error  
I haul'd a trashbag  
Full like Santa

Over the barrier  
Out to the woods  
V  
V  
V  
Up Mt. Washington  
The third way  
Treasure laden

The morn  
Full of cheer

Creek laugh'n  
All the way down

Bird's play'n  
Whimsically

From tree to carn  
To Mt Washington summit  
V  
V  
V  
Wildcat Thunderstorms  
Ran out the tourists

Alone to be romanced

Autumn Colors  
In Hieght  
In Gleam

Bright from gratitude  
Of a long seasons life

Leaves  
Give their best last

Fore winter  
Ushers its die'n day  
V  
V  
V

I will always remember  
The first step into Maine

Our American Frontier

A cylinder of  
Autumn Orange

Maine in grace  
Lets green youth go  
V  
V  
V  
Beavers are assholes

Flood’n everywhere  
With their dams

All water changed  
To a distinctive  
Leaf piss-color tea  
V  
V  
V

Maine Mice  
Acrobatic & Intelligent

Sensible in take’n  
Only Ramen  
After the dinner of my pot

Dry fruits & nuts  
Left as an offer’n

Stay determined  
Thru the upcome’n winter  
V  
V  
V  
Mohousic Notch

A canyon riddle’d  
With boulders

Proof even gods  
Leave projects unfinished

Puzzels Trials Riddles

With great grace  
I performed dexterity

My pack  
Truly have’n integrated into me  
V  
V  
V  
Is John your real name

We met at the parking lot  
On the otherside of Moushic Notch

You told your tale  
Of keep’n warm all night by fire

I called over FrieghtTrain  
Who you selflessly geared

New socks & headlamp  
Necessary as night took  
Most of the day  
V  
V  
V

In that park’n lot  
Three skated

One came over  
‘ You thru hike’n?

We pass his test

The reward  
A joint unmatched  
In girth

His friends protest’d  
But he understood  
V  
V

V  
Trecherous leaves  
Litter the ground

Especially important parts  
Holes dips or deep-water

The rhythmn of the trail  
If the primary guide  
Will keep you safe

V  
V  
V

Andover Post Office

I had mail forwarded since Gorham  
Friday not have'n arrive'd

' What am I gonna do  
I panic to myself  
' Got till Monday with no supply

' Actually  
You replied  
' Monday is a holiday  
' It won't arrive till Tuesday

' But you can stay with my family

V  
V  
V

I spent time with Seahee's family  
Peter the father  
Loved to tinker & play  
A man after my own heart

V  
V  
V

The resupply only delayed me  
A total of one zero

Cell phone & food  
A sack hidden in PB  
Merrill Replacements

V  
V  
V

Merrill Moabs

Craft'd with adventure  
In mind

Engineer'd for  
Comfort & security

Lifespan  
800mi of hard mountain

V  
V  
V

The white storm of winter  
On & On

Vomit'n out in the cold

No medicine  
To stay the fever

Each day of suffer'n  
Many times reduced from slow step  
Into a crawl

Forward automatic when  
There is no retreat

Caught in a route  
Know'n to stop  
Meant a true end

In such conditions  
One is able to see  
Many hidden doors  
V  
V  
V  
Stratton  
I only spent \$20  
On a hostel twice

This hostel the one worth it

The owner an Alumni  
Thanks for the Aquamira

Offer'd after learn'n  
I ran out of treatment

V  
V  
V  
Lost  
Track'n skills nullified

From ridges  
In a new freeze

Fluffy with the health  
Of a first winter storm

Jaws of hell  
Fire Cold Infinities  
Alone with no savior

V  
V  
V  
Slowly the virus  
Became diahreah

A serious symptom  
That kept me crawl'n  
At times

V  
V  
V  
Those few encounters  
With FreightTrain  
Kept my goal in mind

I don't think  
I would have finished  
All alone

V  
V  
V  
The Great Nightmares of Maine  
Seven Fords  
Each name known  
V  
V  
V  
Ford'n

Cross barefoot  
With only shorts  
Pack secure  
Raincover on

Dry with bandana  
Redry with clothes

Hike on completely covered  
V  
V  
V  
First ford



Both inexperienced  
Lit up with FrieightTrain  
The wide current  
Took FrieightTrain  
Under & Over  
Completely  
Forgive me  
For laugh'n  
V  
V  
V  
FrightTrain  
Cause nothing stops him  
Climb'n up  
I test'd  
He won the race  
Indisputably  
Always give him  
The right of way  
V  
V  
V  
I came to a creek  
5ft wide 4in deep  
Cleverly  
I lept to the tree  
At the oppose'n bank  
Grasp'n to its trunk  
With dexterity  
Together  
We slowly sank  
Till I was  
Arch'd back  
Head 4in from the cold water  
I could only  
Release  
V  
V  
V  
Caratunk ferry closed  
That ferry ride  
Essential to continue the trail  
One of the milestones  
To the fact  
I could not succeed  
Meet'n FrieightTrain  
We Beak & Enter  
Into an unoccupied building  
There we found a map  
Find'n a bridge to the East  
In faith we went right  
Only a long forest road  
After several hours of trial  
We got to the bridge  
V  
V  
V  
Heads of Bucks  
Lined the wall as trophies

At the Caratunk gas station  
Celebrate'n the conquer

I ate pizza  
Stare'n at one in particular

A Prince  
His prime cut short  
Majestic & Gray  
The spectrum of color  
United in Symphony

Later a man  
Point'n coincidentally  
To the one  
I admire'd

' I got that one  
' All the way out in Utah

V

V

V

Moxie Bald  
A moutain around  
Bogs & Meadows

Talked to my father  
By cell phone

V

V

V

The easy 10mi  
Hike into Monson

Took me all day  
At times crawl'n  
Tho it a flat lakeside

V

V

V

Monson  
The last of the trail towns

I woke that morn  
Next to someone's compost

3Chop perfectly execute'n  
My last mail drop

Wool-Gloves Weed  
& Medicine

V

V

V

The 100mi Wilderness  
Warns of the implications  
Of such distance

Sick since so long  
Have'n yesterday  
To crawl several times

I decided to risk  
The 100mi

I'd fail big  
Out on such a stretch  
All alone

But I had no choice

V

V

V

Pepto Besmol  
Saved my Thru Hike

Cure’n my curse  
Of unrelent’n diahrea

Soon I recovered  
Back to full strength

Faith rewarded  
V  
V  
V  
Trail maintainers place logs  
Allow’n passage on bogs

Riddle’d everywhere  
On Maine mtn tops

Rain kept temp  
Above freeze’n point

Confidently I step’d on a log  
Comically continue’n with the log

To the bottom  
Waist high in water  
V  
V  
V  
At a creek with a flush  
In a rush

A massive tree  
Span’d past the  
25ft crossing

Trunk settle’d high above  
Unforgive’n boulders below

Slime layer’d the tree  
At midpoint I slip’d

Regain’d myself easily  
My pack part of me

Take’n a breather  
Elated from execute’n  
The most difficult cross’n  
On the trail

I notice’d  
I missed the obvious  
Cross’n aside the creek  
V  
V  
V

Mountain Profile Maps  
Allow you to visualize

The Ups & Downs  
To come

Many times  
Many plans ruined

See’n the profiles of future paths  
Victimized by underestimation

The pitch of a trail  
Is only a small part  
Of what makes  
Traverse’n hard

Only 20mi in  
The path already  
Extremely difficult  
V  
V  
V  
Map tattered

The last 60mi  
Illegible

Thru storms  
Over bogs

Thankful the winter  
Had laid low the bugs

Happy to be healthy  
V  
V  
V  
Scapes

Bright with moss  
Dreary brown bark  
Slippery boulders

Clouds Low & Heavy  
All in grim display

Remanisant of  
The bogs before Mordor

Fate  
Directed me

The journey have'n  
Longsince past coincidences

These last stages  
Before that dark Mountaintop

Ponder'n deep purpose  
To all of this

Tho blind to it  
Walk'n by obscured faith  
V  
V  
V  
Would this all end  
In a simple summit

Have'n reach'd  
Find'n myself empty

As so many  
Of my achievements  
Of the past  
V  
V  
V  
Only that promise  
Of Wiggles

That Katadyn in Oct  
Would form me into  
Who I really wanted  
To become  
V  
V  
V  
Never have'n seen  
A picture of Katahdin

Late October  
Each day in prayer  
That Winter  
Stay her dominion  
A few more days

Prinstine Lakes

Flatlands

Roots web'd above ground  
Coil'd to snap an ankle

The dark dangers of  
Mirky Woods  
V  
V  
V  
Path

Independent of Time  
Indepdent of Age

Laid here  
One Last Adventure

In an overrun world

2000mi  
Have'n offer'd  
So much

What would I remember  
What would I forget

Jewels slip'n off wayside

As if that experience  
Meant to be hidden  
For the discovery  
Of another day

Gratitude settles  
For what had brought me here  
V  
V  
V  
Up a hill  
To the look out

Past the lake  
Past the plains

Katahdin  
Loomed

Lonely & Unuspered  
In Might & Strength

—

FrieghtTrain & I

Isolated but intertwined  
Together wait'n  
For the clouds

To finally unviel  
The face of Katadyn  
V  
V  
V  
Fate

The power of the future  
To change the past

As is  
The power of light  
Tho warp'd by gravity  
must maintain  
The law of the speed of light

In such circumstances  
The universe works  
Miracles

This is the underlie'n  
Basis of all life  
In the universe  
V  
V  
V  
Bogs broke into  
Beautiful Mountainsides  
  
The gorge in a  
Monsterous rush  
  
Joy of the Journey  
Swept me peacefully  
  
So long  
Sickness left me  
Distitute of energy  
Drain'd of enjoyment  
V  
V  
V  
Somber sorrow  
  
This peaceful mountain life  
Near the unavoidable end  
  
The bottle of  
Sleeping pills  
Only miss'n one  
  
A rapid & definite  
Change of character  
Since that first day  
  
The future  
Is best face'd  
With the record  
Of past accomplishments  
V  
V  
V

Mount Katahdin

To express that day  
Takes me past  
The limits of my skill

Silence to reserve  
A moment most revered

Heretofore untainted  
By inadequate narration

—

That behemoth of earth  
Solitary against  
Those plains of Maine

Placed an altar to the Gods

That he who  
Seeks & Summits

Rise for that moment  
To transcendental depths

Intrigue'n the  
Weary & weather-stained

A climb above  
The monotony of hundreds past

Icicle draped cliffs & Monumental boulders  
Technical Shifts & Sights

To rise up  
Above & Alone  
That day October 24th

—

Of my deepest desires  
Sits cast the Impossible wish  
To travel to extra-terrestrial spheres

Now at the winter's summit  
A feat countless plainly stated Implausible

Lay UnEarthly  
Blood-red flatlands

Hosts to grasses  
Individually crystallized in ice

Tho hundreds of thousands  
Shimmer'd in the wind

Each caught the sun  
Each possessed  
For that infinitesimal moment

As host to a Supreme Radiance

Changed for that instant  
Into unique choirs of light

There caught of heart  
The Ordeal done  
& Now the moral understood

That Impossible or Implausible  
Life can never truly  
Be counted out

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